

EL PASO HERALD

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HERALD TRAVEL AGENTS.

Persons solicited to subscribe for The Herald should be aware of imposters and should not pay money to anyone unless he can show that he is legally authorized by the El Paso Herald.

Come and See, Anyhow

NEXT WEEK is the week of the big consolidated trade excursions into El Paso from the surrounding region, under the auspices of the merchants of El Paso. Arrangements have been made for refunding the railroad fares of purchasers, and it will be possible for buyers, both retail and wholesale, to come in from points hundreds of miles distant and travel free without purchasing any extraordinary quantity of goods.

The main object of the trade excursions is to attract attention to El Paso as the great central market of this southwestern country, and to get the people of the Great Southwest into the El Paso habit. It is merely the beginning of an educational campaign that is sure to result in gain to the people of the southwestern communities, as well as to the merchants of El Paso.

The fact is, there has been too much a centrifugal tendency among the communities of the southwest. The people of west Texas and eastern New Mexico have formed the habit of going to Fort Worth, Dallas, and San Antonio, traveling many hundreds of miles further than they would have to go to reach El Paso; New Mexico travels to Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago; Arizona goes to the coast, to Los Angeles, and San Francisco, ignoring El Paso, the cheapest, best, and nearest market, all things considered; northern Mexico has long looked upon San Antonio, St. Louis, and New York as trading centers, though in many lines El Paso is better equipped to give quick and efficient service.

There need be no unpleasant rivalry in this matter among the cities and towns of the Great Southwest. El Paso really cannot help it that she is so favorably situated by nature and so strong with the railroads. El Paso is not to blame that her railroad rates are favorable, her stocks large, her facilities superior.

And the slogan of El Paso as a trade center has always been, "Buy in El Paso what you cannot buy in your home town."

That is good medicine. Buy in your home town whatever and whenever you can; but when you go outside, go to El Paso rather than to the far distant points, and thus do your part in promoting real reciprocity in trade. This broad principle is universally applicable.

Let the people of the Great Southwest, then, prepare to take advantage of what we have to offer, and then if El Paso cannot keep up her end in competition with the big trading cities behind her 1200 mile circle that is our lookout. Just give us a chance, friends and neighbors all.

Oh, look who's here! Mutt and Jeff are back from their vacation.

"The apostle of bunco," the "mountebank of American politics," have been applied to Col. Roosevelt by an English writer. One hates to think what that writer is going to be called when the colonel gets back home and takes up his pen.

Aviator Claude Graham White has challenged the navy to shoot at him in his airship in return for granting him the privilege of dropping bombs on a warship. It would be an unlucky Mr. Graham if they were suddenly to enlist a few members of the El Paso Rifle club in the navy and put them on guard the day he makes the flights.

Remember the Lean Years

THE idea of limiting the profits of railroads is all right in some cases, but you notice that nobody says anything about guaranteeing fair profits during all the weary years of building up the property and developing the country. If any plan of limiting profits be adopted, it ought to carry with it a cumulative provision, so that the total profits of lean years and fat years might be averaged over a considerable period during which the return on the investment should be something more than simple interest, so as to compensate for the risk assumed.

A writer in an exchange suggests that railroad franchises be treated somewhat like patents, with pretty broad guarantees for a limited period, after which the franchise value should revert to the people and the dividends limited to a fair income on capital actually invested. The suggestion is worth thinking over. The main point to keep in mind, however, is that the people who build railroads, especially in sparsely settled and undeveloped country, take heavy risks, and are entitled to proportionate returns.

The lean years must not be lost sight of when figuring up a fair profit. And in fixing rates, allowance should be made for ample upkeep, betterments and extensions.

Excursion rates are so cheap that it is a shame to stay at home and worry the rest of the family these days.

A man who could recognize his wife, if she were suddenly thrust into some of these new fall fashions, should have a medal.

It may not be worth anything at the bank, but most men would like an occasional word of encouragement or approval. It sometimes buys more from an employee than gold could do.

What Will the Majority Do?

IF THEY are going to save secretary Ballinger from the blow of an adverse report, the administration members of the investigating committee will have to cut short their vacations and attend the next meeting. Technically, no doubt the opponents of Ballinger have the advantage, for the point of no return was not raised during the proceedings and a majority of the committee members were present until several members withdrew with the deliberate intent of breaking the quorum. The rule is pretty well established in parliamentary law, thanks to speaker Reed and speaker Crisp, that members of a legislative body cannot deliberately break a quorum by refusing to answer rollcall. It is probable that a similar rule would be held to apply to the work of a responsible committee acting under formal instructions from a deliberative body.

In any event, the people of the country are not going to be satisfied with a dogfall. That investigation cost a mint of money, and now a thorough report participated in by the entire membership is due the people.

El Paso is a good place to stay, but you ought to make a trip out of town once in awhile just to meet other people and learn that there are others in the world as well as yourself. You also get new ideas and incidentally help the railroads to pay dividends and keep the engineers and conductors and brakemen at work.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

JOHN MILTON, in his humble home, began to write a corking poem concerning Eden, and the way in which our parents went astray. And when he'd penned six lines or more, his wife came bustling to the door. She cried: "Jack Milton, you're no good! You didn't bring me any wood, and you forgot to milk the cow, and there you sit scribbling now!" The poor old husband dropped pen and ink, convinced that life is on the blink, and brought in wood and milked the cow; then, with a wet rag on his brow, his good old meerschaum pipe he smoked, and wrote eight lines that fairly smoked. And then his eldest daughter came, and said: "It is a doggone shame that I must wear back number lids, and canvas gloves when I want kids. There's Maury Jenkins, lives next door; she blew herself at Simpson's store for new spring gowns that beat the band; I've just the rags in which I stand. But then her father has some sense; he's selling patent barb wire fence, and has a bank account so large you couldn't pile it on a barge, while my old daddy spends his time in grinding out a bughouse rhyme." Poor Milton bought the girl a hat, then slammed the door and kicked the cat, and swallowed, in one long, fierce drink, a half pint flask of purple ink.

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Uncle Walt

Ella Wheeler Wilcox On When a Wife Is Wronged By Neglect

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"HOW can a woman punish a husband who renays loyalty, devotion and affection with neglect and unfaithfulness?" asks an unhappy wife.

The sooner human beings and nations modify their ideas of punishment and increase their methods of prevention of wrongdoing the better for the world.

The human being who violates a principle must find his own punishment sooner or later if left to work out his destiny. Of course, the "dangerous criminal" must be restricted; but the people who have been wronged, and who cry for vengeance and ask for advice in concocting suitable punishments for the offender, are making more serious trouble for themselves unconsciously than any which another has brought upon them.

It is a painful thing to be wronged and abused by one we love. It is a more terrible thing to wish harm, or to desire the ruin of one who has wronged you, to realize how absolutely he is destroying his own future development and cheating himself of the best happiness life can offer, and to ask for guidance and direction in helping him to change his course—that is the only attitude to take toward one who has wronged you. The moment we begin to plan a revenge we begin to degenerate.

We harm ourselves and commit moral suicide. Just as sure as the sun brings darkness, so surely the husband who wrongs and neglects a good wife will meet with his punishment. He will suffer, and the longer the punishment is delayed the more bitter it will be.

To save him from his own misdeeds should be a good woman's aim—not to punish him for his neglect of herself.

It is much preferable to be the wronged one than the wrongdoer. The worst thing which can happen to a husband is to lose the love and respect of a good wife. That alone will prove a lash to his soul as time goes on.

But the wife who wants to plan a revenge is not a good wife, for all revenge belongs to the evil side of things. Be worthy of love and respect and loyalty in mind and deed; be sorry for the man who does not realize your worth, but do not descend from your heights of noble womanhood to plot revenge. If you cannot live in his atmosphere and you cannot all that a wife and mother should be, the laws of society are formed to protect you and your children. Your fate is sad—do not make it bad.

However skilled and strong art thou, my foe, However fierce is thy relentless hate,

Thy firm thy hand and strong thy arm, Thy poisoned arrow leaves the banded bow.

To pierce the target of my heart, ah! know I am the master yet of my own fate.

Thou canst not rob me of my best estate; Though fortune, fame and friends, yes, love, should go, Not to the dust shall my true self be hurled.

Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed; When all things in the balance are well weighed, There but one great danger in the world—

Thou canst not force my heart to wish thee ill— That is the only evil that can kill.

WHITE LIES

By Paul Dalton.

HELEN came rushing into the little studio, breathless from running, up the many flights of stairs, and threw her arms around the neck of the young man who was sitting at his easel. "Oh, Paul! Paul!" she cried. "What do you think? I have got a position now. I begin tomorrow."

Robert laid aside his brush and looked at her.

"A position? What do you mean, Helen?"

"If you think I am going to sit around idle, when we need money, you are mistaken. I have got a position as a teaching governess to a nice little girl. I am to get 30 francs a week, Paul. That will help us along nicely until those nasty art editors begin to appreciate your work."

Paul's eyes grew misty as he kissed her.

"But I can't allow you to work, Helen. We will find some way of managing it."

"Now do be sensible, Paul," she begged, "the people seem to like me, and the little girl took me right away. And really, it is not like work. I am just to walk with her in the park. It will be fun."

"It is the principle of the thing, Helen," he said feeling like a lump in his throat. "It is the principle. The idea of me, a big strong man, sitting here while you go out to work."

"Stop, Paul," she said and laid her hand across his mouth. "We have discussed that subject before. Any common man can find work, that's easy enough. But you are a genius who—"

He laughed.

"I am not so sure of being a genius any more, darling. I am afraid you are the only one to think so now. But I suppose I must let you have your way."

The next morning she left with a happy smile, and after kissing Paul at least 10 times and telling him to leave the easel where he was working on a design for a book cover that was to be finished that day.

Everything had changed so since they had come to Paris. At Rouen he had made plenty of money on a daily paper, and

where they thought there was no work like his. Here he found it almost impossible to get an interview with an editor, and his designs came back with great regularity. Fortunately, he had got a small order from an advertising firm and sold a few illustrations to a second class magazine, which paid a miserable price for them.

At least a dozen times he got up from his easel and stood staring out of the window. Of course, Helen's work wasn't hard, but it was not right that she should work at all. If he only had stayed at Rouen, but now he did not even have the money to go back there, and Helen had to work.

In the evening she came back, kissed him and began to make supper.

"I have had a lovely day, Paul. The little girl is simply sweet. Her name is Marguerite. We have had a long walk in the park, and the day was over before I knew it. Did you miss me very much?"

He laughed, rolled himself a cigarette, while she brought him a match and afterward when they had finished their simple meal, he began working once more, while she sat watching him with an anxious eye and tender love in her beautiful eyes.

The days passed, Helen left early, and work grew more and more hard to find, and what worried him most was that Helen began to grow thinner and paler, but when he said anything about it she just laughed and said there must be something the matter with his eyes.

One day Paul pushed his easel aside. He must find something else now. He could not bear to see Helen work to support them both. He remembered a notice he had seen in the window of a factory, a short distance off. Without hesitation he went into the office, where a coarse looking manager asked him a few questions and a few moments later he found himself loading paper boxes on a truck.

His wages were to be 25 francs a week. He came home a little before Helen and when she came he exclaimed: "I have got work now, Helen. I am on 'L'illustration,' and I am sure I shall

make a success of it. You need not work any more after today."

She too, both his hands and instinctively he turned his face away. "It was a lie," he said. "I was lying."

"How happy I feel, Paul," she cried. "I know right along you would succeed some day, but I will not stop working just because you are so fond of me and I really could not leave her so suddenly. Her parents treat me as if I were their own child."

Two more weeks passed. Paul was always home before Helen and always with a flower, some candy or other little trifle for her. She told about her experiences, that she had been shopping, or buying toys for Marguerite and their nice walks, and while Paul told of his work and prospects. Thus he lived her every day and the thought of what she would say when she found out, worried him more and more.

One day as he was loading boxes as usual, a girl came rushing down from one of the upper floors.

"Have you got a handkerchief, she said. 'One of the girls has got a bad cut in her hand.'"

He gave her a clean fresh ironed handkerchief with a blue border which Helen had given him in the morning. An hour later he had forgotten about it.

In the evening as he came home he found a letter and his fingers trembled when he saw it was from "L'illustration," the magazine to which he had sent a selection of his best drawings.

"In the morning open the envelope," he read. "Your drawings are just the kind we are looking for. If you want to sign a contract with us kindly call at this office tomorrow and oblige."

Yours very truly, Henri Verlaque.

He had rarely finished reading the letter when he heard Helen coming. He ran to the door and waving the letter in the air he cried:

"Helen! Helen! It is really true now."

BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Thinks Men Take Love Philosophically

I HAVE the greatest respect and admiration for Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her profound knowledge of the human heart; but I cannot agree with her that men die of wounded love.

I do not, for one moment, deny that men are capable of great and lasting love, for they are.

But they take love more philosophically than women do.

Take married people, for instance. The husband goes off on a business trip. He is busy and interested; he thinks of home very often, but it is of the home comforts he thinks, quite as much as his wife. He will be glad to get home; but, in the meantime, he is having a very good time, thank you, and his every thought does not hinge on the moment of meeting.

With the wife, it's different. With the wife, it is quite a different matter. She misses her husband, with a passion of longing, and from the moment he leaves, she begins to get ready for his return.

The home is turned upside down in preparation; his favorite dinner is prepared; his prettiest gown is donned, and then, with happy beating heart, she awaits the coming of her king.

And the king probably stops at the office or the club on his way uptown. I would say wife on her way home from a visit stop and shop?

Woman's power of missing and longing is ten thousand times greater than man's.

Is it any wonder, then, that she is more apt than man to die of a broken heart?

Day and night she goes through the agony of missing; there is nothing to take her mind off her loss.

Personally, I know one dear woman who said to me some years after her husband's death:

"I am alive because I have three young children, and I have to live for their sake. But I am half dead, and have been ever since. I have not lived for five years ago. Part of me went out of the world with him, and it has only been by sheer will that I have lived; I have made myself eat, and I have fought many times against the temptation to end my life. The ache in my heart is worse today than it was the day he died, because I know, now, what it is to live without him."

The reason why man does not die of

International Swimming Championship and Some Wonderful Records Made

AMERICANS LEAD THE WORLD

By Frederic J. Haack

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The second international world's championship swimming race for women is being held at Coney Island today. The championship medal is a diamond-studded gold one of unusually handsome design and there are many contestants for it. Other medals will be awarded to the winners of events held in connection with the championship contest. The world's champion long distance woman swimmer is Miss Annette Kellermann, an Australian girl, who is one of the best examples of a woman athlete the world affords. At Vienna in 1906 she swam 23 miles in 8 hours and 11 minutes.

Some High Speed Records.

While women never have been able to acquire the speed in swimming that men have, the records of some of the best female swimmers are better than can be made by the vast majority of men. Taking the records for men and women, it will be seen that the men have the advantage of the women by about 25 percent.

C. M. Daniels, an American, holds the world's championship for 100 yards, having made the distance in 55 seconds; Miss J. Fletcher, an English woman, made the same distance in 74 seconds. R. Kierman, an Australian, holds the record for 200 yards, having covered that distance in 2 minutes and 12.5 seconds; Miss E. McCabe of England, made that distance in 2 minutes and 57 seconds. For a mile swim B. Kierman, the Australian, holds the record of 16 minutes and 15.4 seconds.

Annette Kellermann, the woman champion, covered the same distance in 32 minutes and 14 seconds.

America and Australia Lead.

In the swimming world it would seem that America and Australia have a monopoly on the championship for men, while for women the honors are divided fairly between the United States, England and Australia. America holds all the world records for men up to and including 150 yards. Every one of these records has been set by a single swimmer, C. M. Daniels, one of the foremost authorities of the world. Above that distance the championship departs from American shores and each record up to and including two miles, is held by Australia. With the exception of the 300, 400 and 1320 yard records, set by Frank Beaupre and W. Springfield, and the two mile record set by George Read, every swimming record has been made by one man—B. Kierman.

These records are for swimming pools and enclosed baths. In the open water, Australia holds all honors up to 880 yards, above which point the sear of swimming power passes to England, where the greatest of all swimming feats, netting successfully the English channel, was accomplished. This feat, however, may be claimed justly by America, since Matthew Webb, who performed it, was of American birth.

The Interesting Medley Race.

One of the most interesting races to be witnessed is the medley race, covering one and a half miles, where the contestants walk a quarter of a mile, run a quarter, ride the bicycle another quarter, swim the last quarter. The record for the medley race is 15 minutes and 42 seconds.

There are three principal strokes used in speed swimming, the breast stroke being the slowest, the "crawl," the side or crawl. The record for the breast stroke for 200 yards is 2 minutes

and 13 seconds, while for the breast stroke it is 2 minutes and 45 seconds. The longest distance ever covered in a minute was 82 feet and 7 inches. The longest distance ever made under water was 406 yards, 2 feet. The side stroke in its present form was first introduced by Joey Nutter of England. The trudgeon stroke was borrowed from the South American Indians. E. C. Schaefer introduced it in the United States, while it remained for C. M. Daniels to perfect it. The crawl was borrowed from the Indians of Colombia, making its advent into the United States in 1904. This stroke is said to be the last word in swimming, and it is anticipated by swimming authorities that many records will be broken when this stroke reaches its highest perfection. Some swimmers are inclined to oppose all leg action in the water. Handy of Chicago, does all of his swimming with his hands, while the Cavill brothers of Australia, are inclined to follow his example.

Swimming As An Exercise.

Swimming is regarded as so important in the making of a physically perfect man and woman that Amherst college has established a \$50,000 swimming pool, through the munificence of one of its alumni, and has prescribed a compulsory course as a part of the curriculum. During the recent season 34 young men were observed carefully while taking the swimming lessons, and it was found that they gained an average of eight pounds in weight and 23 cubic inches in lung capacity. Philadelphia has made the teaching of swimming a part of the municipal service, while West Point and Annapolis place the art high in the list of necessary athletic training. Those who have proved its value in the development of a perfectly trained athlete, declare that there is no other kind of training that does as much in that direction. They assert that there is no kind of exercise that develops every muscle of the body so much as swimming. The muscles of the athlete who makes swimming a part of his training program.

The first claimant of a world championship in swimming was Dr. Bedale of London. In 1857 he issued a challenge of \$500 to any man who would swim a mile in less than 20 minutes. He was not more than a year older or five pounds heavier than himself, for the best time over 30 miles in one tide, or the greatest distance in five hours, on the Thames. On July 19 of that year, he swam the distance in 19 minutes and 35 seconds, with a head wind. He swam back and proclaimed himself the greatest of all great swimmers. In 1859 W. Wood was awarded the swimming championship in a race promoted by the London Swimming club, an organization which did much to build up an international interest in the art.

Webb Swims English Channel.

It was in 1874 that Matthew Webb, an American, first announced his intention of swimming the English channel. His ambition was laughed at for awhile, but as he began to disclose his ability, it was believed that he had a chance of setting a record that no man had ever attempted before. Several years passed before he was able finally to negotiate the channel, but eventually he made it in 21 hours and 45 minutes. It has been estimated that the peculiar current forced him to swim nearly 50 miles in order to cover the 20 miles between the English coast and the

I am offered a regular position on 'L'illustration' now and—

Everything seemed to turn blank before her eyes. Helen was standing in the faint light of the lamp now and around her head was tied—his blue bordered handkerchief.

"Would that I had the power of language to describe the night of September 7, 1910, through it and heard the roar of that tempest. From the window of my own house I looked out upon the fury of those waves, breaking over housetops and sweeping all before them."

A strange, pale light shone from the heavens. I did not know or realize then that it was the pathway of light for many souls to that far distant shore.

Morning came at last. It was the Sabbath. The great church bells, accustomed to ring out the summons for services were silent. No sound, broken the solemn stillness; only the ceaseless throb of the clear, blue waters of the gulf.

In the gray dawn we struggled into the streets and gazed at each other's faces and clasped each other's hands.

Where once stood the happy home, there was nothing left to mark the spot. The great wind had carried the house to where the Sabbath had no end.

"God grant that I shall ever grant witness such a scene as that tropical sun burst upon a city of the dead."

"Helen! Helen! It is really true now."

Abe Martin



Notin' kin be as utterly bum as a bum actor. 1. high price of meat don't cut any figure with cod fish aristocracy.

French shore. Webb had honors and wealth heaped upon him, but in 1879 found himself a poor man. He was glad enough to accept a proposition to enter a six-day swimming race. He won the race, with Beckwith as the third of the field. In 1881 he again was reduced to such financial straits that he was

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14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1906.

Agent Darbyshire of the T. & P. is on a business trip to Dallas.

Wilbur Townsend, a brother of city attorney Townsend, has arrived from Albion, La., to locate.

Mrs. Stanley Bevan has returned from a three weeks' visit with relatives in Indiana.

Rector Martin and wife have gone to Socorro, N. M., for a short visit.

Mrs. L. S. Bohr is visiting friends in Silver City and attending to business matters.

Adjutant Beall, of Ft. Bliss, Mrs. Beall and daughter, Miss Lily, leave tonight for Port San Houston.

It was pay day at the smelter yesterday and scraps were in order.

Proussault's Bonanza saloon still was robbed this morning. The thief also took the till.

The money collected at the Juarez custom house during August amounted to \$112,722.92.

Manuel E. Flores has been appointed secretary of the Republican county executive committee.

A large crowd attended the federal building and county court house employees' ball game, which resulted in a score of 27 to 17 in favor of the custom house employees.

Alberto Vargas has been appointed district judge over the river.

Elderman George Locke has been formally notified that he has been awarded the contract to build the track and telegraph lines of the Corralitos road, and will give a \$25,000 bond that he will do the work.

The firemen's convention fund was increased \$53 by a